

# A VISIT TO NAPLES,

Mount Vesuvius and the Ruins of Ancient Pompeii.

## MR. CAMPBELL'S DESCRIPTION

Of the Beautiful Bay and the Historic Spots in and About Naples--A Trip to the Famous Volcano--Pompeii as It Looks Uncarved--Curios to be Found in the Museum.

Special Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

ROME, ITALY, Feb. 20.



Y last letter was written from Naples over a month ago, shortly after my arrival there from London, via Gibraltar, and was mainly taken up with an account of my long voyage. I did not aim to say anything about Naples nor even about Italy, having more than enough antecedent matter to fill any reasonable space in your columns. I now propose to connect with the closing paragraphs of that letter and give you some account of my observations thus far in this once famous land.

Knowing that Italy was a country of semi-tropical products, especially in the way of fruits, I took it as a matter of course that we should meet both sunshine and balmy breezes off her coast, and in this expectation we were not disappointed. We emerged from a rough sea and cold winds into smooth water and a genial atmosphere. The sun was well up and shining brightly and warmly on the morning of the 4th of January as we passed the island of Capri into the grand bay of Naples and came into full view of all its beauties as a land and water scene. The panorama was something entirely new to my experience of travel, and I felt, as I am sure most of us did, that I had never looked upon a more attractive prospect.

Our first sight was of course Vesuvius on the right, perhaps twenty miles off, and the great coil of thick black smoke that was rolling away to the south east from its crater, 4,000 feet above our sea level. This was the historic mount that was throwing off its coils of smoke in the days of the Caesars, and even long before; long before Christ was born, and that in the first century of his era, on the 24th of August, in the year 79, overwhelmed by one of its greatest eruptions the two cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii lying at its base.

Turning from the mount our eyes rested upon the bay and the city that we were approaching. You have heard the expression, "see Naples and die." Just what it means I am sure I can't tell, but simply, I suppose that the scene here presented is the ne plus ultra of all scenes of the kind, beyond which it is useless to travel in quest of anything more beautiful.

### NAPLES.

The bay of Naples is an immense semi-circle surmounted by an amphitheatre of hills. From headland to headland, clear around this semi-circle, is more than twenty-five miles and the city of Naples occupies the centre of it, the head of the bay, and rises from its white and beautiful, tier by tier, street by street, up the slopes, like the Colosseum here at Rome, and presents a picture that for picturesqueness I have never seen equalled anywhere. It is a city of 500,000 people, and on its right and left, strung along the shores, there are other communities, towns and villages, all of them white like Naples and all part and parcel of a wonderfully unique panorama.

On the crest of the heights there were villas and castles, churches and monasteries and many other buildings, all white like those below, with green plants, orchards, groves, vineyards and great umbrella-shaped trees scattered here and there among them, and the scene thus outspread before us in all its entirety seemed bathed in the rich sunlight of Italy, winter as it was, that had come down to us idealized in her rich literature.

I realized that I was in historic countries when I was in England and France, for the Roman had been there and given them their first impulse of civilization, but here finally was in the ancient home of the Roman himself, and not only of the Roman but of the Greek also, for this part of Italy was once "Magna Grecia" and here the Greek had contested with the Roman and here they two had conjointly made the history, the legends, the mythology, the poetry, the arts and the polish of the ultimate Roman empire. To this very bay of Naples, Ulysses, the hero of Homer's Odyssey, had come, and from here he had sailed for the fabled Isles-perides. Here, too, Aeneas had wandered and sorrowed and his Homer had lived here and his tomb now overlooked this bay. Near here also was the island of the Sirens and nearer still the Cumæan rock of the Sibyl, where she wrote her mysteries, and burnt them and sold only the small remnant to Torquin as pearls of great price.

This much by way of reminiscences of Naples and its bay. The American people are not accustomed to associate much that is classical or sentimental with modern Naples and its population. They rather regard it as that volcanic centre in Europe whose eruptions throw upon our shores a debris scarcely less dangerous than that with which Vesuvius deluged Herculaneum and Pompeii. They point to New Orleans and say there is volcanic matter more to be dreaded than the rapelli or the scoria of their mountain. You shall go ashore with me and see why it is, if we can, that they entertain this prejudice against the reputed descendants of Greeks and Romans on this peninsula.

### MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

It was 9 o'clock when the steamer came to anchor inside the "Porto Grande" at a point not far from the custom house quay. The gong sounded for my farewell breakfast with the captain and my new made and very pleasant fellow voyagers, from several of whom I parted with special regret, and all the more so as they seemed quite desirous to have me go on with them to Ismailia in Egypt, and there take the cars for "Grand Cairo" on the Nile. But I was booked for Italy, Austria and Germany and not for Egypt, and besides, as I said to them, what was the good of going to Egypt and not going on to Palestine, saying nothing of Greece and Constantinople? To do all these would sadly emasculate my itinerary by way of Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice and Vienna, and hence I regretfully put aside the suggestion of change and bade my friends good bye. These partings from friends whom you meet on ships and at clubs, and even at hotels, and with whom, in a hot house way, as it were, you form a congenial intimacy, is a deprivation that you feel and regret much more than at first thought might

seem possible. You do really get very much attached to congenial people thus casually met. But this meeting and parting, sojourning and departing, is all part and parcel of the shifting changes of human life.

"Friend after friend departs: Who has not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end."

The captain announced that the steamer would lie at her anchorage until four in the afternoon, and that all who desired to go ashore and see the city would have the intervening time for that purpose. So I had plenty of company on the custom house tug to the head of the quay, although only three of us were booked to leave the ship at this point in her long voyage of 8,000 miles. Prior to our departure it seemed as if both the tug and our ship had been captured by the fakers and the troubadours who had come out to exchange tortoise shell combs and bright colored trinkets and dulcet notes from mandolins and guitars for English ponies. We thus began, ere yet we had reached the land, to see something of the modern Roman, and I will not here prejudge his case by retelling to you the various observations that were made by some of our more critical voyagers.

### ITALY'S TARIFF.

I did not need to be reminded by a recently received copy of the Register that Italy has a very high tariff and yet is, like Nappy Funder's Ireland, "the most distressful country that ever you have seen." However high the tariff the medicine is made pleasant enough to the traveler who burdens himself only with hand baggage. There is no delay and no examination in the custom house. Your word is taken and your luggage is chalked. They seem only anxious to know about tobacco, and

Tro Re and up a pair of steps past a lavatory. Somehow as I sat down and gave my order for a macaroni dinner there seemed that things in the "Trattoria" must ex necessitate have sort of Augean flavor. And this suspicion did from the very start work somewhat on my imagination and did tend to make me feel that I must have been mistaken in my supposed appetite for a macaroni dinner. But I saw that nice people sitting at the tables had no apparent aversion to the passage way, and as in the case of the Hebrew children they had not even the smell of the ordeal on their garments. The "Trattoria" therefore was all right and all that you needed to fully enjoy it was to repress the too free play of your imagination. I finally concluded, however, to confine myself to the table d'hôte of the Vesuvio.

### THE CITY DESCRIBED.

You would suppose perhaps from all I have said and all that I have left unsaid up to this point in my letter that I had come to Naples mainly to see the town and the bay. I presume nobody here came to Naples to see the town. It is a nice sight to look at from the deck of a steamer and a curious place to walk around in, but as an objective point, per se, tourists would give it the go by. It is the fact of its proximity to Vesuvius and Pompeii that attracts foreigners. Virgil and Horace, and Cicero and Sallust, all used to come to Naples in their day, away back in what I may term the hyphenated B. C. and A. D. period--that is, the turning point of the two periods,--the forenoon and afternoon of the Christian era--and bring their knitting with them, as we say in America; that is, their literary outfit--their pens, ink and paper; but they did not put up at the Vesuvio nor at the Trattoria dei Giardini di Torino, nor anywhere else in

ceded; in all a dozen or more persons. Many of the women would kneel down in the streets as the procession passed and some of the men would take off their hats. I have since seen other processions (not of the Host) where fifteen or twenty priests, walking two by two, would be chanting prayers. One soon gets accustomed to the great variety of these processions in Naples and Rome. One of the most novel of them all is where perhaps twenty-five or thirty or more persons are covered from head to foot with black muslin gowns with eye-holes in the cowls and a girdle about the waist, marching in procession, going to some funeral, with a priest or two in the rear. They are members of some society, so I am told, with which the deceased was connected, or else some sort of professional mourners.

I have spoken of the white color of all the houses in Naples. This (la Paris) results from the material of their construction. They are built of loose small stones--cobble--stones--laid in mortar; a mortar that takes hold and becomes a part of the wall and no mistake. The walls are thick and run up very high, and all the divisions of the building are of like character, and thus seemingly made fire proof. The walls thus built are stuccoed or faced with a whitish plaster that becomes very hard and stone like, and there is no telling how old some of these houses really are. They last for generations. Nearly every window, up to the top, has an iron balustrade in front of it, and you will see the inmates come out and shake their carpets over one of these balustrades, or anything else that needs shaking, without any special regard to what becomes of the dust or dirt or whatever it is that they wish to get rid of.

### MOUNT VESUVIUS.

But enough about Naples and its people and their peculiarities. It is high time that I should close up this letter with something about Vesuvius and Pompeii. Almost every morning at this season of the year, unless it is raining, one or two carriage loads of passengers leave Cook & Son's ticket agency for the ascent of the Mount. Cook & Son are the ubiquitous and enterprising people who run the tourist business of Europe. I suppose they can ticket a tourist to almost any accessible spot of the habitable globe. I am inclined to believe they could coupon you through by any of the Stanley routes to the Albert or Victoria Nyanza in Africa. They have boats of their own to the second cataract of the Nile. I know a gentleman who took his family around the world on their tickets and paid \$7,500 down before starting for a supply of their coupons. Their offices are supplied with every imaginable sort of maps and literature for Europe, Asia or Africa. So much by way of a starter from their office in Naples for the top of Vesuvius.

This firm practically controls the ascent of the mount. They have a "concession" from the Italian government and have built a carriage road of fairly easy grades three quarters of the way up, and in doing so have had to cut pretty deep in places into old time lava beds and scoria. Formerly the ascent was made on horses, mules and donkeys and on foot, and is thus made still on the Pompeii side of the mountain. Vesuvius is 25 miles in circumference at the base and 4,000 feet high. The distance to the top from Cook's office is ten miles, the time five hours, and the price five dollars. You go three quarters of the way by carriage, then stop for lunch at their "osteria," then take a wire rope pully arrangement up to the cone, and then either help yourself the balance of the way to the crater or take hold of a rope to the extent of two frames and have a guide to pull you along. This is the way that a party of seven of us went up on the morning of the 6th of January.

The special compensation for this fatiguing trip is not so much the gratification of your morbid curiosity to look into the mouth of the crater and decide for yourself whether or not, as the ancients believed, its steps really do take hold on steel, but rather the far and wide view you are supposed to get over water and land. Unfortunately for us a rain set in when we were half way up and our view was practically dashed. It became a matter of more concern to keep dry than to see the crater. However, we got there, in a somewhat bedraggled shape, and got one look into the yawning abyss out of which so much destructive stuff of one kind and another has issued. As I leaned over the rim, formed of deposit, that encircles it, and saw nothing but smoke (a whitish vapor that day) a frequent remark of the late William Shriver, of Wheeling, in his day, "There's nothing in it, as the man said when he looked in the crater" came to my mind. Sure enough, there didn't appear very much in it, and but for history we might have had our doubts on the subject. There have been days, however, and not a few, when there did appear to be a good deal in it, notably that 24th of August (the Intelligencer's anniversary day) in the year 79.

The particular feature of our knowledge obtained was the acrid and pungent smell of sulphur that came up, as if in very truth from that lake of brimstone far down "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." This effluvia soon filled our eyes and lungs to such an extent as to make us willing to fall back, and as we were enveloped in fog and couldn't see anything we were all satisfied to beat a hasty retreat down to the "furnicular," as the wire rope railway is called, and thence back to the "osteria" where the carriages awaited us. And so ended our ascent of the historic mount.

### THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

One more matter and I will have done with this letter, and I suspect your readers will not be sorry "when school lets out." I refer to Pompeii, which above all else is the Hamlet of the play at Naples. If I had seen nothing else of this exhumed city and the great Pompeian Museum, its adjunct, at Naples, I should have considered my week well spent. Pompeii supplies a link--a missing link not found here at Rome--that shows the world, as if face to face in a mirror, the domestic life of the Romans eighteen hundred years ago. The ruins of Pompeii, the Pompeian Museum and Mt. Vesuvius, are three things, saying nothing of the matchless bay, or of the three hundred churches, pell-mell, but they drive the goats into the cells and cellars and up one, two, three and four pair of stairs, to be milked there.

Speaking of gregariousness, Mr. John B. Foote, of Liverpool, who came off the ship with me, and who had been in Naples before, called my attention as we walked along, to a team of three animals abreast, a bull inside the shafts, a cow on one side of him and a mule on the other. Said he, "They thought I was chasing them when I told them, at home that I had seen teams of this sort in Naples." And this circumstance (speaking of him and the novel sights of one kind and another that he called my attention to) reminds me of my first sight of a procession of the "Host" through one of these streets. It was being carried by a priest, who was accompanied by men ahead of him with red lanterns, and boys dressed in white gowns bearing candles, while another priest chanted the prayers as they pro-

ceeded; in all a dozen or more persons. Many of the women would kneel down in the streets as the procession passed and some of the men would take off their hats. I have since seen other processions (not of the Host) where fifteen or twenty priests, walking two by two, would be chanting prayers. One soon gets accustomed to the great variety of these processions in Naples and Rome. One of the most novel of them all is where perhaps twenty-five or thirty or more persons are covered from head to foot with black muslin gowns with eye-holes in the cowls and a girdle about the waist, marching in procession, going to some funeral, with a priest or two in the rear. They are members of some society, so I am told, with which the deceased was connected, or else some sort of professional mourners.

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### THE DOOM OF POMPEII.

The area of Pompeii and its general topography are not exactly what you expected to find. Most tourists expect to go down under ground and grope by artificial light among the tombs of the dead men, as they do here when they explore the Catacombs. Instead of that, however, you actually ascend a little from the station at Pompeii and walk through the turnstile up a gentle acclivity. The city of Pompeii in its day was on the slope of Vesuvius to the shore of the bay and was close by the water's edge. This is not the case now: it is two miles from the bay. It was a city of about 20,000 people--a sort of a Newport summer resort and bathing place for wealthy people from Rome and other parts of the interior. They had all the metropolitan outfalls of a well-to-do and wealthy people, such as temples, public baths, a forum, an exchange, a barilla (or city hall), an amphitheatre, and any number of palatial private residences--(palatial for that day, of course.) The streets were narrow as a rule, but were all paved and nothing on the outside of the houses impressed me so much as the runs of the carriage wheels in these streets; so natural, so recent looking were they; and also the blocks set at stepping intervals in certain places (as you see them in Baltimore to-day) in order to cross when the streets were flooded. It looks as if there had been a great fire in Pompeii, the roofs burned off and the walls left standing. But there was no such destruction as that. The city was simply buried fifteen to twenty feet deep in a great snow storm, so to speak; in a storm of little globulars (as small as mustard seed) of pumice stone and great showers of fine dust. There was no lava, no scoria, no red hot stuff of any kind; just this figurative snow storm, lasting two days and increasing in density. Tradition says that 2,000 people perished, but nobody knows. One thing is reasonably certain, that there was no need for any such loss of life. There was plenty of time to escape, and most people did escape even hours after the storm set in. There were those, it seems, like those who scoffed at Noah, who did not believe in much of a flood; there were others who, like Lot's wife, looked back, and not only looked back but went back to rescue their valuables, and there they were found 1800 years thereafter, valuables in hand, petrified into mummies, as

you see them in the photographs sent you.

Nothing at Pompeii looked so suggestive, so life-like, and yet so ghastly, as the decorations--the frescoes--on the walls. The eyes in faces perfectly preserved, painted on these walls, those smoothly plastered walls, (in colors now unknown), looked at you as searching and as inquiringly as if they were the work of yesterday, and as if to say they were we disturbed before our time, and why are you here to gaze upon us?

The rich had a luxurious way of building small courtyards in the center of their villas, and even now they really look cozy and inviting. There they had fountains and statuary and there they sat no doubt and sipped their wine and discussed public and private affairs. There are recesses and niches in the walls of these courts, where they had little marble images and vases of flowers. Could those courtyards, could all those chambers that we visited, yield up their lost voices, like the modern photograph, what tales they could tell us of politics, of business, of pleasure, of sentiment and love, just as they heard them even as late as that very day, that most eventful and tragic day in the summer of 79.

There is a small Pompeian museum on the grounds for the use of students as well as visitors, but the great museum is at Naples. It is there you see the rich treasures of art and science, the household effects, the utensils, the gold and silver jewelry, the copper and brass and iron articles of the kitchens, the musical instruments of the parlors and drawing rooms, and the luxurious bedsteads of their chambers, the tools of mechanics and the delicate knives and forceps of surgery, all of which tell how advanced and almost modern was the scale of life at Pompeii.

But enough about Pompeii and all things Italian for this time. I have given you even more than Scriptural measure in this letter, "pressed down, shaken together and running over." My correspondence to the Intelligencer is Vesuvian and volcanic in its character: in its irruptive and voluminous overflow at long intervals. In the next, and possibly before I leave here, I will endeavor to tell you something about Rome, about the city--"the Eternal city" of the world.

For the cure of colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs, no other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease, and has saved innumerable lives.

### WANTED.

WANTED--ACTIVE, HONEST men. \$9 per month and expenses. Ad. with references. THE ASSURANCE COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

WANTED--A THOROUGHLY COMPETENT Steam Fitter and Plumber at Charleston, S. C. or near there, doing repairs and alterations. OGDEN MARSH, ERY CO., Charleston, W. Va.

A FEW LADIES--TO COMPLETE A list, address circulars, etc., at home, permanent if desired. Address with self-addressed stamped envelope, HOUSEKEEPER'S WEEKLY, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED--FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY, able-bodied, unmarried men, between the ages of 21 and 30 years. Good pay, rations, clothing and medical attendance. Applicants must be prepared to furnish satisfactory evidence as to age, character and habits. Apply at 124 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.

### FOR RENT.

FOR RENT--FOR THE SUMMER season, a house with 5 rooms, large yard, garden and stable at Elm Grove. Enquired of D. M. THORNBURG, Elm Grove, W. Va.

FOR RENT--THE STORE ROOM and rooms in the rear, No. 60, on first floor, on Twelfth street, the same being now occupied as the Turkish baths. Apply to HARRY McCLURE, Niagara House.

FOR RENT--NEW BRICK DWELLING, 1800; all modern improvements, 121 Fifth street, from about Belmont street. Will be leased for a term of years to responsible party. Apply at office of The City Water Board.

### FOR RENT.

Residence, No. 906 Main Street. Nine Rooms, Wash Room and Laundry, and Finished Attic. Apply at No. 11 THIRTEENTH STREET.

### FOR RENT.

Second story, down on Main and Tenth streets, containing six rooms and hall and bath room. Price from \$5 to \$20 per month, including heat. Also store rooms on Tenth street at \$50 per year.

JAMES L. HAWLEY, No. 1123 Main Street.

### FOR RENT.

A Few Choice Office Rooms, in the Bell Building, corner Market and Fourteenth streets. Finest location in the city. Steam heat, janitor and elevator service. Apply to J. V. BELL, Agent.

### FOR RENT.

The Elegant Brick Store Room, 39 1/2 Corner Zang Street and North Broadway, Ideal place for location for drug store or grocery.

Apply to J. V. BELL, Agent.

### GLENN'S RUN GARDENING FARM FOR RENT.

The home place of the late Philip Reilly is a large estate, about twenty acres of land, situated on Glenn's Run, three miles north of the city. It is very desirable for gardening purposes and also a summer boarding house. For particulars apply to THOS. O'BRIEN, Telephone 423.

### FOR SALE.

A valuable farm of 275 acres, two miles from Weston, for sale. Over 200 acres in fine timothy and clover pasture, the balance in corn and hay. Improved, mostly watered. The owner lives in Colorado and must sell. Price \$50,000. Easy terms. Also 2 1/2 acres near the depot at Weston, with a large barn and fine orchard. Price \$10,000. Address G. L. LIGHTBURN, Weston, W. Va.

### FOR SALE.

A FEW CHOICE LOTS AT EDGEMOOR Cheap and on easy terms. W. V. HOGG, 1222 Market Street.

### STOCKS FOR SALE.

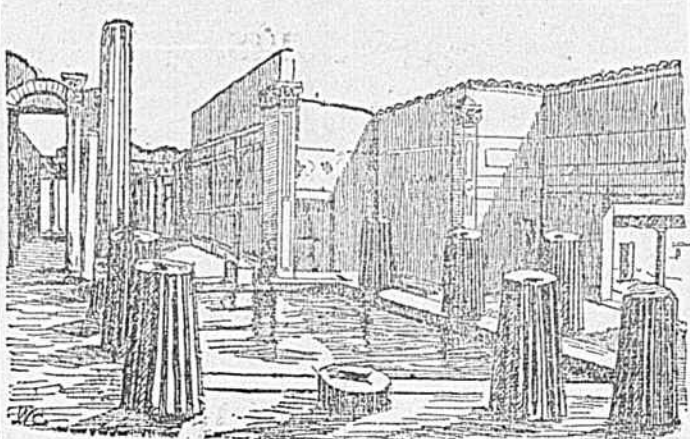
50 shares Riverside Iron Works.  
50 shares Bellair Nail Mill.  
50 shares Atlas Iron and Steel Co.  
50 shares Warfield China Co.  
50 shares Wheeling Pottery Co.  
50 shares Wheeling Bridge Co.  
Also for sale, large brick dwelling, No. 36 South Front street. J. S. IRWIN, Broker, No. 21 Twelfth street.

### STOCKS AND REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

20 shares Bellair Nail Works.  
50 shares Wheeling and Belmont Bridge Co.  
50 shares Atlas Iron and Steel Co.  
1 share Elm Street and Oak street.  
10 shares Elm and Spruce streets.  
The fine property, corner Ninth and Main streets. THOS. O'BRIEN, Telephone 423.

### FOR SALE OR RENT.

House containing six rooms and kitchen, with four and one-half acres of ground, with a large barn and outbuildings, situated on a beautiful farm, with an abundance of other fruit, one mile east of St. Clairsville on the National Road. There is a good stone that will accommodate two horses and four cows, with chickens, chickens, house, spring house, etc. Also money to loan. For terms, inquire to H. B. HARRIS, Insurance and Real Estate, Newport, Ohio.



RUINS OF THE COURT OF QUÆSTOR'S HOUSE IN POMPEII.

cigars, the importation of which, as also of salt, is prohibited, both being government monopoly. And here let me remark that a high tariff, such as Italy has, need not be to any material extent whatever a protective tariff. Italy, you may well say, has a tariff for revenue only, as for instance a tariff of 8 cents per pound on sugar, or 13 cents on coffee, 15 cents on tea, 9 cents on pepper, 30 cents per gallon on petroleum, etc., are oppressively levied, as you see, on popular necessities that she does not produce. The excuse for such exactions is of course her immense necessities growing out of her huge army and navy. It costs a population of thirty millions something to support an army of a quarter of a million on a peace footing and to be the fourth naval power in Europe. And these people are poor and represent a nation that has just only been born again; a people who are just emerging from a long night of ignorance, division, spoliation and repression.

But all at once it occurs to me that it would perhaps be better to get firmly on the terra firma of Italy before going into an expatriation on her economies. However, as Artemus Ward said about his small joke, at which nobody laughed, what I have said is extra, and I make no charge for it.

Being in a volcanic country we naturally drove to the "Vesuvio" hotel. This much seemed to be required by "the eternal fitness of things." The best hotels, those that cater for American and English travel, are all located on the west and more modern side of the quay, in view of the bay and of Mt. Vesuvius, and on a fine broad drive that has been rescued from the sea by a great sea wall over which the spray occasionally dashes in a very lively way. The price for three of us in a "Carrozella" or Victoria to the hotel (one on the seat with the driver) was a "lira" each. Italy has the French monetary system of centimes and francs, only they call the latter "lire" here, which is the plural for lira. A lira is nominally 20 cents of our money, but in reality only 19 cents. So you see that a lira each for a ride of three quarters of a mile was cheap enough--cheaper even than a Gurney ride in Wheeling from the depots to a hotel. Here in Rome the regulation price for a drive to any point within the walls is 80 centimes, or say 16 cents, and a gratuity of a couple of sous to the "cocher." At Naples they have no walls, poor people, but they have 300 churches to which and from which you can measure your distance.

### HOTEL LIFE.

The Vesuvio hotel, like many hotels during the first experiences of Mr. Frew and myself in Ireland, was a study to me. First, there was no soap, and next, there was no candles, and if I wanted either I was expected to say so. You could either order them through the "bureau" (or office) or go out and buy on your own account. Through the "bureau" a piece of soap an inch and a half square and a half-inch thick and highly perfumed, costs 75 centimes, or say 15 cents, and on the outside, and bought on your own account, the price is about one-third of that amount. So likewise, in the matter of candles, the price for a pair of dim showing glasses is one lira or fifty centimes, or say 30 cents, while outside of the sacred and awful "bureau" it is only 80 centimes for four candles or 10 cents. Thus you see that the Noble Roman of the 2,000th dilution does not do business in these degenerate days as a matter of frivolous amusement. Not he. His aim, on the contrary, is to "do" you to the full extent of his opportunity. He charges you the full American price for washing and returns your clothes looking as if they had been through a carding machine. At least this was my experience. "Which is why I remark" with Bill Nye, that the Neapolitan hotel is peculiar and became a study to me.

But, for that matter, everything I began to see in Naples gradually became a study to me. For instance I thought, to commence with, I would go out somewhere and have a macaroni dinner, having in memory such a dinner once upon a time with Editor Hart of the Intelligencer at a place in Union Square, New York. I was recommended to the "Antica Trattoria dei Giardini Torino," which name, being interpreted, means the ancient restaurant of the gardens of Turin, and I found it situated at the corner of the Via Roma and the Vico Ro. I also found that while the "Trattoria" was all right in itself the entrance thereto was through a stable on the Vico



been a large and stagnant community of poorly housed, poorly fed and poorly clad and very ignorant people. As showing how they have been made to wallow in ignorance, as it were, I may mention the fact that just before the coming of the present government Naples had nearly 300,000 people who could neither read nor write. Was this not appalling in the land of the Renaissance?

### GREGARIOUSNESS.

I wish that you could see or that I could properly picture to you the gregariousness of one of these narrow streets; its throng of vehicles, persons and animals; by which I mean its tide of wagons, carts and cabs, and of men, women, children, horses, oxen, mules, donkeys, cows and goats, and I might add, chickens and dogs. They milk the cows at the doors amidst all this pell-mell, but they drive the goats into the cells and cellars and up one, two, three and four pair of stairs, to be milked there.

Speaking of gregariousness, Mr. John B. Foote, of Liverpool, who came off the ship with me, and who had been in Naples before, called my attention as we walked along, to a team of three animals abreast, a bull inside the shafts, a cow on one side of him and a mule on the other. Said he, "They thought I was chasing them when I told them, at home that I had seen teams of this sort in Naples." And this circumstance (speaking of him and the novel sights of one kind and another that he called my attention to) reminds me of my first sight of a procession of the "Host" through one of these streets. It was being carried by a priest, who was accompanied by men ahead of him with red lanterns, and boys dressed in white gowns bearing candles, while another priest chanted the prayers as they pro-

## Happy

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rejoice Because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Rescued Their Child from Scrofula.

For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other foul humors in the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this:

"We are so thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it did for our little girl that we make this statement for the benefit of other anxious parents and

### Suffering Children

Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctors said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

### One Complete Sore

offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would lay in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused great itching and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

### She Suffered Fearfully

with this terrible humor. Being urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon noticed that she had more life and appetite. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, the itching and burning ceased, and in a few months her head became entirely clear of the sore. She is now perfectly well, has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is clear and healthy. She seems like an entirely different child, in health and general appearance, from what she was before taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is twelve to fifteen miles from the station in Naples. You go by rail and pass over a part of the same route to the crater. It is as I have said, further on than Cook's point of ascent. As you ride through the suburbs you notice the number of gardens in the open areas. They seem very rich in soil and are wonderfully well cultivated. All the way up Vesuvius, as well as in

This Testimonial  
Is an illustration of what Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for the sick and suffering every day, from Maine to California. In the light of these facts who can say that the work of an immense concern like ours is not beneficent? HOOD'S CURE liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion,